MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY

Why, know you not soul speaks to soul?
I say the use of words shall pass—
Words are but fragments of the glass,
But silence is the perfect whole.

—Joaquin Miller.

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Curtis Press, Beaver, P

Matthew Stanley Quay

IN MEMORIUM

Address Delivered Before the Grand Army
of the Republic, Beaver Post,
No. 473, March 31, 1905

BY

CHARLES H. STONE

MATTHEW STANLEY QVAY

IT is, with mingled feelings of pride, modesty, happiness and saddness, that I attempt to speak to you of one of your comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic. I am proud of the opportunity of addressing you, veterans, whom I have revered from childhood and doubly proud in being honored by your request to speak of the life of Mathew Stanley Quay. With a modesty that would seem strange, if absent upon such an occasion, I hesitate to talk of one with whom you stood shoulder to shoulder in the most trying hour of our national life. For my gladness and sadness I can find no better medium of expression than Senator Quay's own words, uttered in Philadelphia in May nineteen hundred and one.

"At three score years and ten the world grows lonely. Through wildernesses almost desolate the stream of life glides darkly toward the Eternal Gulf. The associations of early existence are gone. Its objects are gained or lost or faded in importance, and there is a disconnection with ideas once clamped about the reason and dissolution of feelings once melting the heart. Occasions like the present stand in pleasant relief, green patches on a sandy delta."

The thought of your thinning lines is sad beyond words to express. One by one the markers over the graves of your comrades are whitening the silent cities of every community, from ocean to ocean. Scarcely a man of you answers the roll-call who is not crowned with a wreath of white, woven by time and trouble. Upon most of you sit heavily the pains of privation, suffered on the field and in camp. Saddness has stamped

lines upon your faces, lines that token a moral bravery and courage greater than even that desplayed in hand to hand encounter at Gettysburg.

It is sad, sad indeed to think of you going, you who have done so much for us. War is indeed hell, and yet, so is much of life and each seems equally a necessity. You have done your duty, no other could do more, not even the loudest proclaimer of peace and international parliaments. But we all in time must go, and you are not complaining, but have taught us, a younger generation with lesser burdens, to be of good cheer. It was on the battle field, and in Libby and Andersonville, you learned to crack the grimest jokes, and you have never ceased your yarning. From Maine to California you have brightened and encouraged even boys in their teens by the example of your cheerfulness. From my boyhood you have been one of my greatest helps and have occupied in my heart one of its warmest corners.

Yes these memorial days, though they are to commemorate those of your Post who have gone beyond, are yet green patches in a sandy desert, for they bring you, veterans, and all of us closer together and comrade cheers comrade with recollection of ties that no other can take the place of. Had I been one of your Post and were I still answering the roll call here or had gone to answer the larger roll call on the other side, I would be glad to know of gatherings like this. One assurance at least we give you. What you have won we will hold, though the fight be against ourselves, against institutions of our own creation or against a foreign foe.

On the eastern facade of your Court House there is the figure of a beautiful woman. She holds her place above the administration of law in our county and this portion of our Commonwealth, as the symbol of justice. In her left hand are evenly balanced scales,

signifying that every question will be carefully considered; over her eyes there is a band signifying that justice knows no prejudice, is impartial; in her right hand there is a sword signifying that her decrees will be enforced even though it require the sword. Thus much has man, from his vanity and necessity done. But above and beyond all this is the blue sky of the heavens and when darkness makes justice but a shadow the eternal stars keep watch. To me the blue sky and its night sentinels, the stars, symbol a higher justice which for want of another name we call charity.

Charity, the strongest characteristic in the life of Mathew Stanley Quay, something he seldom for a moment forgot and his enemies never remembered. Persecuted from his political cradle, the Court House of Beaver county, to his political grave, he at least well remembered it.

"Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind. Charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

Villified by the Democratic press and speakers as a political trikster, he made no reply. In marked contrast he said in a speech at Meadville, in 1900: "Mr.

Bryan is a man of culture, honest, sincere, eloquent and courageous. Adlai Stevenson is a statesman, a noble man and a Democrat of the old school." Again at Philadelphia he said: "When the Democratic National Convention met at Chicago, its greatest leaders were there and assumed direction of its deliberation. Mr. Bryan was not there except as a delegate from the State of Nebraska, whose claim to a seat had been rejected by the Democratic National Committee. Admitted to the convention, by a single effort of eloquence he ursurped its control, at one flight he left the valley for the mountain top, immerged from mist and obscurity into the broad sunlight. To the mass of the convention he stood like the angel upon Lebanon tiptoed and balancing upon his wings. With silver tongue he beguiled the Democratic party from its chosen and trusted leaders. He obliterated its features and stamped its face with his individuality and took its willing hand to lead it whither he would. No greater, no more sudden and startling individual triumph has been recorded in the politics of the century. Mr. Bryan is courageous, brainy and eloquent. He is sincere to the verge of fanaticism. He is honest. It is impolitic folly to deny his ability, to charge him with corrupt motives."

Where is to be found a braver, a more just, a more eloquent estimate of a political opponent? Harrassed for many years of his life by governors of his State who at least did not owe him treachery, and by Philadelphia leaders who at least should have been greatful and by Pittsburg leaders who should have from experience known better, he took this splendid philosophical view of their actions: "I have large charity for disappointed ambition.

'The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear.
The blood will follow when the knife is driven,'

and the wounds but half heal and sometimes gangrene. Then the blood is poisoned and the senses are numbed and to the victim all nature seems changed. He looks at the world through smoked glass, he has evil dreams and talks in his sleep. Hope deferred becomes hopelessness. He assumes a monkish austerity, announces himself as a man with a mission, purified in the crucible of adversity, with a God given errand to inform the people of the evils from which they are ignorantly suffering and lead them to redress. Year after year and instance after instance this history repeats itself."

After criticism had run the full gamut, was exhausted and Senator Quay had won for the last time, he said: "I will never again be a candidate for, or accept any official position. I have many friends to remember. I have no enemies to punish. In this regard I put aside the past."

I would not be understood as meaning that we should judge this great man's life only as shielded by the cloak of charity. Ah no. The charity he always extended he never asked for himself, and I would not shadow his memory, since he has gone to his rest with the laurel crown of victory on his brow, by asking it for him. Let us form our estimate of him by the strictest standards. With even balanced scales let justice with her sword lead on.

WAS HE A BRAVE SOLDIER?

Within the short margin of four years, 1861-1865, he ran the remarkable gamut of Lieutenant, Major, Chief of transportation and telegrams, Lieutenant-Colonel, assistant Commissary-General, Secretary to the Governor of Pennsylvania, State Military Agent at Washington, and Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers. The brilliancy of his military

record should be admitted by all, and none know it better than you, men of the Union Army, who recognize the true soldier with a gallant record, as distinguished from the pretender.

When McClellan fought the battle of Antietam, Colonel Quay's regiment was among the forces ordered to make forced marches to reinforce McClellan. After marching all night until nearly daybreak, it reached the rear of McClellan's army. The facts are best given by an eye witness. Col. A. K. McClure says of Colonel Quay's gallantry at this time: "Quay, after marching all the night until nearly daybreak, reached the rear of McClellan's army, the morning after the battle. I was on the battlefield during the conflict, and knew that these reinforcements were expected some time during the night. Very early the next morning I started in search of Quay, and found him just finishing his breakfast, after having had a nap of an hour or two, in fatigue uniform and boots. He confidently expected and earnestly hoped that the action would be renewed, and that the men he had very carefully disciplined would receive their first baptism of fire. They were placed in position at the front, but the entire day passed without a single hostile shot, and that night Lee made his escape across the Potomac. He continued with his command until McClellan reached Warrenton, when Burnside was appointed to succeed him as commander of the Army of the Potomac. Just before Burnside made his movement toward Fredericksburg, Governor Curtin had decided that Quay must resign his commission, as Colonel, that was then within a few months of completion, as he commanded a nine months regiment, to accept the very important office of Military State Agent at Washington.

"The incumbent of that office had proved unsatisfactory, and as all the complaints and requests of the

Pennsylvania soldiers, relating to furloughs and other matters, were personally attended to by the state agent, who had the entree to all the departments of the government, Gov. Curtin regarded it as one of the most important positions he had to fill. Quay earnestly protested against being withdrawn from his command, when it was the first time he had prospects of a battle, but Curtin was peremptory in requiring him to accept it as a matter of justice to our soldiers in the field. Quay then forwarded his resignation, stating the reasons for doing it, and the governor wrote to the War Department explaining that he had great need for Quay in another position, and urging that his resignation be promptly accepted. Just when Burnside was approaching Fredericksburg, Quay received notice of the acceptance of his resignation and he was mustered out of service. Just then the paymaster came along and paid his regiment, and as Quay was about to return to the State, the men of his regiment committed to his care some $8000 to take home to their families, and Quay had the money in large denominations placed in a belt that he wore hidden around his person. A battle soon followed. Quay was unwilling to leave, and he promptly volunteered to serve on the staff of Gen. Tyler, whose command made the bloody and fruitless charge up Marie's Heights. Tyler's command was 'Officers in front of your men, charge' and Quay was in the front of line with the officers when that charge was made, and advanced as far as the fartherest, in the desperate and utterly hopeless struggle to reach the enemy's position. In his anxiety to participate in the battle he had forgotten that he had on his person a large amount of money belonging to the families of his soldiers, which he undoubtedly would have lost had he fallen in the fight, as did nearly half of those who entered it with

him. For his participation in that charge he was awarded the medal of honor, and no one of the many brave men who were thus awarded wore the medal more justly."

It was upon this occasion Colonel Quay was told that he would be foolish to go into the fight, that he would be killed and history would give him no credit for his unnecessary exposure, and in reply to which, he made the famous epigramatic statement, "I would rather be a dead fool than a live coward."

WAS HE A GREAT POLITICAL LEADER?

There is but one answer to this. His wildest, most venemous critics admit that he was.

WAS HE MERELY A POLITICIAN?

One of his colleagues in the Senate said: "While Senator Quay was not generally recognized as a great public speaker, yet he demonstrated in his last campaign for the Senate that he possessed the qualities of real eloquence. He was a classic scholar, and when occasion demanded it he gave utterance to some of the best thought that has been spoken by Pennsylvanian Statesmen. He possessed one of the finest libraries in the United States, and he was familiar with nearly every volume in it. It abounded in most works of history, and was especially rich in American, while including all the standard works of history and philosophy, relating to the development of modern Europe. He was a student of military campaigns and possessed many books and much knowledge relating to Napoleon. Of history, not only in its military stages, but in its social and political development, from the very earliest Colonial times, he always was an ardent and appreciative stu-

dent. In fact, it is doubtful whether there is any one, even among those who have devoted their lives to a study of the subject, who was more intimately acquainted with the details of American history."

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania said: "That Senator Quay was a great student and linguist would be to the average man who reads the American newspapers and forms his opinion of the political boss something of a surprise, but I have never known, or had the pleasure of associating with, any individual who had a richer or riper knowledge of the great masters of thought through all the ages than that possessed by Senator Quay. If there was in my mind a fugative couplet or verse, the author of which I could not recall, if there was the saying of some great master thinker, and I could not place the author, there were two men in Washington to whom I would go. One was Senator Quay and the other Mr. Spofford, of the Congressional library. They were the two men who could tell you the author and there you would find the verse or the paragraph which you had in your mind."

We arouse sympathy for the people of the slums who are the victims of conditions, but what sympathy have we for the Indians who have been and are the victims of our deliberate and intentional acts? Where are the tribes of the Delaware a once noble nation that held sway on the land where we now live? What has become of them? Driven westward, westward, driven on until they are now a handful of dependents, wards of the government, their complete obliteration is their evident fate. Why should a mere politician undertake their defense, attempt to give them much delayed justice? What votes have they? What influence? Yet Senator Quay was their greatest and almost their only champion. In the winter of 1897-98, when negotia-

tions were attempted between the Dawes commission and the Cherokees, an effort was made to deprive the Delawares of much of the land which they thought they had paid for in cash, under their agreement of 1867 with the Cherokees. An effort was made to determine their rights, and at least to secure the opportunity of trying them in the Court of Claims and the Supreme Court. They were without money and without friends at home and in Washington, and their condition was pitiful. After seeking the assistance of many public men they finally appealed to Senator Quay for aid. He listened attentively to their story and then informed the representatives of the Indians that he was greatly interested in their case. From that time Mr. Quay continued a consistent, loyal, and true friend of the Indians. He championed their cause before Congress and before the departments, and secured just recognition, which could never have been obtained without his assistance. As a result of his efforts, in the case of the Delaware Indians, they secured the following property rights, without which they would have been reduced to poverty and almost have become objects of charity: The right to take their allotments where they had lived and where their homes had been, in the rich valleys of the Cherokee nation, instead of the flint hill many miles distant on barren soil; the right to institute suits in the Court of Claims in order to adjudicate their claims against the government; the appropriation of $150,000, by Congress in full settlement of all their claims against the United States; lastly, the right of the members of the tribe to dispose of their improvements on surplus lands.

Not only was Mr. Quay the special friend of the Delawares, but he was also the friend of many other tribes. He rendered valuable assistance to the Sioux, the New

York Indians, the Seminoles of Florida, the Nez Perces, and many others. His generosity is well known and instances could be recounted almost without number where he gave pecuniary aid to members of the tribe, visiting Washington, his generous acts never, however, being mentioned by him. During a visit to Canada he caused to be constructed a chapel at the little Indian village called Pierreville Yyanaishi, Quebec, Canada, as an evidence of his friendship for the Eastern Delawares.

In November, 1903, he gratified a desire he had often expressed, to visit the Delaware people and attend their annual Thanksgiving dance at Dewey, and was greatly impressed with their ceremony. On this occasion Mr. Quay, who was recognized by the Delawares as an Indian, was elected War Chief of the tribe, and as such he will ever be known by that people.

In speaking of his visit on his return from the Indian Territory, Senator Quay said that he had been through the war and had experienced many solemn occasions, and nothing had ever impressed him as being as solemn and sincere as the actions of the Delaware Indians at this dance, and that he felt as proud of the honors conferred upon him by the Delaware Indians as of any office of honor he had ever held, and that this office was bestowed upon him with sincerity and love, and without any effort or solicitation on his part.

With the scales and the sword, justice decrees that he was more, much more than a mere politician.

WAS HE A GREAT STATESMAN?

In Pennsylvania he took taxes from the shoulders of the ill paid agricultural interests and placed it upon corporations and owners of stocks and moneys at interest. He increased the annual school appropriation within

ten years from one million to five millions, and studded our Commonwealth with institutions of learning. He paid a debt of forty millions of dollars in thirty years without oppressing our people, and, at the same time spent millions for the care of our criminal and insane population, soldiers, orphans' schools and universities, and general public charities. He erected a citizens' soldiery which can be thrown to any point in the Commonwealth to sustain outraged law, at twenty-four hours notice, and which can furnish 15,000 bayonets for the United States service on call.

Ever since M. S. Quay came into power the State government has been wisely and economically administered—administered, indeed, with an economy which, in view of our population, wealth, territory, multiplied industries, manufactures, mines, oil production, railroads, and canals, seems almost parsimony.

When Colonel Quay came into power in Pennsylvania the State debt approximated forty millions of dollars; now it is less than one million. Then the annual interest charge was twice the amount of the total debt and annual interest to day. Then all our lands were taxed for State purposes; now they are exempt. Then horses, cattle, carriages, watches, occupations, and professions were taxed for State purposes; now they are exempt, and in the meantime $10,500,000 have been spent upon schools for soldiers' orphans. These taxes repealed have not been replaced by any tax upon individuals.

In the meantime the annual appropriation for common schools has been increased from $300,000 to $5,500,000. Since then the large revenues derived from liquor licenses have been diverted almost entirely from the State to the treasuries of the counties and municipalities. Then each county was compelled to maintain

its own indigent insane; now the State bears half the burden. The repealed taxes have been made up by the revenues derived from moneys at interest, three-fourths of which is returned to the counties, and by imposing additional burdens upon corporations. It is proper also to allude to the fact that when M. S. Quay came into power, laws for the protection of labor were almost unknown. Now their catalogue is too long for quotation.

His work in helping to frame the McKinley Tariff law was of great value. Of Senator Quay's service in this connection, Mr. James M. Swank, of Philadelphia, editor and publisher of the Bulletin, a paper devoted to the American Iron and Steel Association, says:

"Both in the Senate and in the committee of conference Senator Quay's assistance was invaluable in securing the adoption of the rates of duty which were embraced in the McKinley Bill as it passed the house. Apart from his life long devotion to the Protective Tariff Policy as is understood in Pennsylvania, there was a special reason why Senator Quay should object to the reductions in the McKinley Bill which had been strangely proposed by his Republican colleagues in the Senate. As Chairman of the Republican National Committee he had made the fight against Mr. Cleveland upon the basis of the Senate substitute for the Mills' Bill, and he had not forgotten the Republican party's promise to the country which was embodied in that substitute. His effort to secure the retention of the original McKinley rates were in the main successful."

Senator Quay's part in securing the substitution of higher rates of duty for hundreds of the practically free trade provisions of the Wilson Tariff Bill in '94 is of re-recent occurrence, and well known. People of Pennsylvania, beyond those of any other State, realize how often

the protective policy has been in peril and what such help has meant to the Commonwealth.

His public utterances evidenced his ability as a statesman. Speaking of the Spanish War he said: "I was not in favor of the acquisition of the Phillipines. To me the game did not seem worth the powder. A coaling station, a ship yard, a few miles of territory easily fortified around a good harbor seemed to meet our requirements in the Orient. If a member of the Peace Commission, I would have voted against the purchase, but when the treaty was presented for ratification and there remained but to sustain the commission or return to war and chaos, as a Senator of the United States, I gave the treaty my support. Then Aguinaldo thrust his war upon us and now there can be no halt until the last armed enemy is subdued."

Again in a speech in Philadelphia he said: "Once the white population of this country slept within sound of the beating of the Atlantic surf. They were Colonists of Great Britain. If the mother country had been without colonies and a colonial system there would have existed no United States to-day. From the Atlantic we extended westward over the Alleghenies, over the northwest territory and over the Ohio and Mississippi valleys; over the Louisiana territory absorbing to the southward the Floridas and part of Mexico, growing steadily by conquest and purchase until our frontier was aligned by the peaceful Pacific.

A nation cannot grow without expansion. It must have new homes for its surplus population, more markets for its products and new theories of State craft as it comes in touch with new foreign interests and new conditions. So far have we progressed to the westward that we have covered lands where the West melts into the far East and our soldiers are fighting in the Phil-

lipines and in China. The latest developments have come from outward pressure of our great prosperity and enterprises and from the Spanish war,which was unavoidable and from the savagery of the Chinese government.

In China all is mystery. It may be that the final war of races and religions is beginning, that the hour is here and that out of China's moss grown civilization and swarming life the man will come. The population of China is three times the population of the entire American Continent. There are as many anti Christians, in China, as there are Christians in all the world."

DID HE HAVE PRIDE IN STATE AND NATION ?

Let his own words answer. At West Chester, Pa., in 1900, he said: "I may claim kinship with you, for my parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and great-great-grandparents were of your people. My great-grandfather was the first white child born in Charlestown, township, and commanded detachments of your troops in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars. His mother was the daughter of Thomas Jerman, the Quaker preacher, in the Chester valley. His wife, my great-grandmother, was the sister of Colonel John Beaton, who was Chairman of your committee of safety in Revolutionary times. The half brother of my grandmother represented this district in Congress in 1803. So that I might use here the jungle call of Mowgli in Kipling's romance: 'We are one blood, ye and I.'"

And again, in one of the closing speeches of the same campaign at Phoenixville, on October 27, 1900, he declares: "It gives me great pleasure to meet my fellow citizens of Phoenixville. It is, in a measure, a home coming. Only two or three miles hence, some of my ancestors came out of the ground a couple of centuries

ago. It was so long ago that the red Indians had still their village here. The story goes that my great-great-grandmother, when she went to meet her father, a Quaker preacher over in Chester valley, left her babe, my great-grandfather, Patrick Anderson, in charge of the Indian squaws. I would suggest that from this suckling came my total depravity, were it not that my relative, Mr. Anderson, who lives on the property his ancestors owned in 1712, might object."

Again at Phoenixville, on October 27, 1900, he said: "Pennsylvania is honest. Her people are honest. Her officials are honest. And of all this Union of States, Pennsylvania is the fairest and the happiest and the most intelligent and the best governed. No State of all the Union has so thriven and grown in population and wealth as has she under the government of the last twenty-five years. Railroads, mines, furnaces, iron works, steel works, and factories in countless numbers have been added to our producers of wealth. Within four years, since 1896, 450,000 men have been added to the roll of paid labor in Pennsylvania. If this Union of States were dissolved, Pennsylvania could stand alone and be a nation unto herself. Out of her own bowels she could spin the web of her prosperity. She could place in the field and clothe, equip, and subsist an army of one quarter of a million of men. She could build her own ship yards, her own navy, plate her own ships from her own armor plants, arm them with guns from her own gun factories, and send them out on the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. In her industries she could levy tribute on all her sister States and almost all the foreign countries. I am proud there is not a drop of blood in my veins that is not Pennsylvania blood, two centuries old. I thank God I am a Pennsylvanian."

In the last speech he made in May, 1901, at the

Academy of Music in Philadelphia, he said: "The present century will be the greatest for decisive events in all history. And through its gates like a young giant, laurel crowned, exultant with conquest, strength and prosperity, bursts this young nation upon a prospect hidden from all eyes in a golden mist. No one here will witness the close of the century just opening. It will be nearly a miracle if any of you see its semi-centennial, but it is within the limit of nature that all of you may witness the years and occurrences which will determine its character.

For weal or woe we must give direction to our future within the next few years. We believe in the American people. They are wise. They are conservative. They are patriotic. They are strong. They are brave. God willing they will cut their way triumphantly through the crisis which will make the American system the mundane system

A great statesman two thousand years ago stood before his colleagues in the Senate chamber of a most illustrous republic, where grave political questions were receiving solutions that effect us to-day. 'Think not, he said, 'that Rome is builded alone upon her seven hills and her ponderous and shining marbles. No, but upon the honest purposes, brave hearts and strong arms of her citizens. Think not that by mere force of arms alone this republic attained its present pitch of greatness. No, but by things of a very different nature; industry and disclipine at home, abstinence and justice abroad, a disinterested spirit in council, unblinded by passion and unbiased by pleasure'. Thus spoke the elder Cato in the Roman Senate and his voice seems wafted down the centuries for our guidance."

Yes, Senator Quay had an honest pride and a deep concern in the welfare of the nation and of his native State.

He also loved this town. I remember well upon the occasion of one of his unusually prolonged stays here, I found it necessary to go many times to his library, with people from the county who only desired to meet him and pay their respects. "Senator I am sorry to have to annoy you so much," he quickly replied, "If I am never annoyed any more than by having my friends bring neighbors to see me, I will get along very well. It is not an annoyance but a pleasure." Then after a time he said: "Beaver is my home and I am always glad to see the home friends."

When his last illness came, it was thought Florida would be the best place for him, but he wanted to come to Beaver. It was thought he would be satisfied and rest better at Morganza, so he was taken from Florida there, but he still insisted upon coming to Beaver and when he finally reached his home here, he seemed contented.

In this and in one other thing his interest in Beaver was evidenced to the last. The Beaver Valley Railroad was then being projected through town. He was greatly desirous of preventing its entrance into Beaver. He felt that Beaver always had been and should remain a residence community and that a road entering, as this road was proposed, would forever change the character of the place. When he was at Morganza, dying as it afterwards proved he was, he telegraphed and had his brother Mr. Jerome Quay, telephone several times concerning injunction proceedings then pending.

That he was generous and kind and strong and that he gave as much as any man could in proportion to his wealth is my personal testimony. He had his frailties, what man has not? But for every trait of weakness in his character justice with her scales and sword will find

ten traits of rugged strength and will finally write that all the world may read: "He was a man."

Not long ago, I went to his grave in the silent Beaver that grows apace; amid the marble shafts snow had fallen; the silence and the white shroud, contrasted with the tumult and strivings of his life, seemed to say that fresh and sweet as a babe from its bath the tears of trouble had been washed away and that the epitah, "Implora Pacem," placed at his request upon the modest and beautiful stone that marks his grave, had for him been answered and that all was well beyond the curtain he had pushed aside.

CURTIS PRESS
BEAVER, PA.